war was coining, coming, coming; then came, and lo! there was no war. All the outward and visible signs of war made their appearance—society ladies photographed making splints; land-girls who broadcast their emotions when they put aside typewriters and began to milk cows; special correspondents Somewhere in France, describing the spirit of the troops, looking for droll or moving incidents, humble feet which wore socks knitted by Royal Princesses; shops displaying 'Business as Usual' notices, ration-books distributed, recruiting offices opened but few recruits wanted, Saarbriicken about to fall but never taken, leaflets dropped instead of bombs.

Never seek to tell your war,
War that never told should be,
For the gentle wind doth blow,
Silently, invisibly.

On a clear September morning, a Sunday, with church services proceeding, bells lately still, Mr. Chamberlain's voice was heard proclaiming a state of war—peace in our time, now war in our time. His aged voice proclaimed it, announced the forthcoming combat for freedom and truth, all good things, against oppression and tyranny, all evil things. His aged voice proclaimed it, and before its accents had died away, another sound was heard —the sirens. They blared forth triumphantly, and all scattered, finding dug-outs, hiding-places; donned gas-masks, as alike then as Opera House parliamentarians; waited trembling or ecstatic, both perhaps, for the catastrophe which was due. In the slight September haze, Dome of St. Paul's floated; silver balloons rose gently, sweetly, into the sky; all was ready, all was set. Dome should be burst asunder, clustering buildings shake and fall,

London Town a heap of ruins, London Town, oh London
Town.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale,
Down thro[9] Poplar and Old Bow,
Thro[9] Maiden and across the sea,
In war and howling, death and woe.

It did not happen. Even the sirens mocked; what they